

to buy fruit or sweets soon becomes blunted, and the descent is easy to the taking of larger amounts for greater and more injurious luxuries. And it is curious to notice how common it is to find that people who would not on any account take money have no scruple in appropriating things which cost money—postage stamps, for instance.

Live within your income, and never run into debt. It is very easy to run into debt, but even if ultimately able to pay, you will always be a loser, either in an increased price for what you require or in the quality of your purchases. And if not able ultimately to pay, ruin must ensue, whether from the action of creditors or from the temptation to gamble or embezzle to make good the deficiency. Unfortunately, the prime cause of running into debt is often want of thought as to what can be afforded. From a commercial point of view, an employer is bound to distrust a servant who lives beyond his income and runs into debt. Knowledge of the temptation to which he is exposed, whether the temptation be as regards cash or goods, or to borrow from the employer's tradespeople (so getting in their power), is always a bar to trust and confidence.

Be saving, but with judgment. There is no wisdom in saving for the mere sake of putting money by. Many a sound constitution has been ruined for want of proper nourishment, with the idea of laying up the supposed saving. Take proper food, and dress neatly, according to your station in life.

Avoid bad company and vicious amusements, whether in your own or business time. Young men

suffer the greatest temptations on these heads, having more freedom than girls. Betting, billiard-rooms, drinking-bars, are the commonest causes of downfalls in life, and apart from the moral temptations arising from the company found there, almost always are the road to embezzlement. In the first year of the writer's business life, he had to accompany his employer when giving into custody a clerk who, having lost money in betting, had made free with his master's cash-box. Poor fellow (in one sense), he had taken and taken again, in the vain hope of a lucky venture enabling him to make up the deficiency. But, as might be expected, he went deeper and deeper, and it is a question which of the three—employer, clerk, or lad—felt the most as the culprit was charged with the theft and searched at the police-station. And the misery of taking the news home to the young man's family made too great an impression to be ever effaced.

Even when studying with the view of improving yourself, *don't forget your health*, but keep mind and body in tone by healthy recreation. Over-study affects the mind, rendering it less able to perform the duties to be carried on from day to day, and in time will affect the bodily health.

Many other points more or less suitable and applicable to special cases will suggest themselves, but the main lines are the same. In all cases, duty to one's God and duty to one's neighbour constitute the road to all success, and these remarks are only put forward as finger-posts to the way.

STUDENTS' DAY AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BY FRANCES A. GERARD.



HE ordinary Londoner, as a rule, does not seek his pleasure in picture galleries, unless it be the Academy in the season.

I have found myself many a time almost the sole tenant of the large rooms in the National Gallery. On Saturday afternoons, indeed, they are pretty full, for then the workman comes in his Sunday clothes, with

his wife and a couple of children, to whom he explains after his own manner the subjects of the pictures. Of course there is the inevitable country cousin, catalogue in hand, who has so many questions to ask, and not only of the officials, but of everyone who is at hand; and there are the schools, led by

a Mrs. Jellyby in spectacles. I heard one of these walking encyclopædias say to her young charges, who were following her like sheep, "Young ladies, pause and consider that picture—Daisy, attention, if you please! What period of history does it remind you of?"

On the students' days, however (Thursdays and Fridays in each week), the Gallery is full enough. From ten in the morning there is a constant stream of visitors pouring in at the entrance on the left. The hall is full of students—girls in large hats (the girls are in majority generally), young men with long hair: the regular artist type. There is a murmur of voices going on—a perpetual chatter, accompanied by a continuous ripple of laughter, pleasant from young voices. The talkers are mostly very young; there are others who have a more business air. They pass through the hall without joining the groups of chatters. Many of these are long past their student days; their faces—poor souls!—show signs of the hard battle of life in many lines and wrinkles, and a general air of weariness. They are artists who come to make copies either on commission or for sale on their own account.

There is a third class: the dilettante ladies and gentlemen, who drive up in broughams and hansoms, and who enjoy playing at artist life, having none of its cares. These can be easily distinguished by their choice of subjects, generally the most unsuited to their inefficient brush, which unfortunately does not keep pace with their desires. This overleaping ambition is not, however, confined altogether to amateurs. As a rule, the youngest and least capable artist will be found in front of the most difficult subject. These attempts are sure to end in failure, and for this reason, as well as a score of others: the system of copying, which is more or less servile, has been discouraged by some of our best masters of the art.

Sir Joshua, in his discourses, says: "I consider copying a delusive kind of industry. The student satisfies himself with an appearance of doing something—he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and colouring without a determinate object. He sleeps over his work; those powers of invention and disposition which ought particularly to be called out and put into action lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise."

There is no lack of copyists on this Friday morning, which, by the way, an obliging official informs us, is an "extra" full day. As we ascend the principal staircase, we see a dainty figure, in a large straw hat and a

profusion of blue ribbons, seated on the first landing, just in front of one of Gainsborough's harmonious groups "The Baillie Family": father, mother, and four children. It is well known that this matter of grouping presents to the portrait painter a difficulty out of which he rarely manages to escape without some detriment to his reputation; it requires, in fact, infinite tact to deal with a subject which, suggesting as it does the desire of making the most out of every square inch of canvas, materially affects the poetry of the picture. Sir Joshua, well aware of this stumbling-block, was careful to avoid the danger. He painted few groups; his best effort in this line being the three "Ladies Waldegrave," whose easy attitudes as they sit round the table cannot be too much praised. The "Members of the Dilettante Club" is rather a stiff affair, and does not bear comparison with Gainsborough's "Group of Sporting Gentlemen."

It is now close on eleven o'clock, and the students seem to be settling to work. In the first room we enter a busy scene is going on. Some are superintending the placing of their easels, others are making their palettes, a few are clustered round a friend's picture, criticising the work. I notice that pretty bright-coloured pinafores are much worn. They are of every shade, scarlet over black frocks being very popular. On an inverted box in the middle of the room stands a little lady, wearing one of those over-dresses prettily striped; her hair is cropped close to her head, and she has a Rosa Bonheur air. She is engaged upon Gainsborough's beautiful picture of "The Market Cart," and her copy has a good deal of merit. It has taken her three months, she says; adding, with a weary air, "And it is not half finished!" A little further on another student, arrayed in a bright scarlet pinafore, has tackled one of George Morland's inexhaustible stables. One always wonders why he found these so attractive as to make so many replicas of the same subject; but the wonder ceases when we know the

secret. Morland, whose dissipated habits made him always in want of money, farmed himself out to an eminent picture-dealer, who, as a condition of paying him, covenanted that Morland should paint at the dealer's house. No sooner had the artist left than good copyists set to work to make replicas of the picture on the easel (so far as it had gone), and in this way four or five copies were carried out at the same time. Morland was at his best in scenes of rustic life: "Domestic Happiness in a Cottage," "Two Lovers on a Turnstile."

It was a mania with him to introduce a white horse in almost every picture. Wouvermans had the same fancy, to which, in his case, some superstition attached. Unfortunately for Morland, his total ignorance of anatomy rendered him incapable of painting a horse unless the animal was in the effete condition of old age. Therefore it is that we generally find the same ancient-looking quadruped in all his



A CLEAN CANVAS. "WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE."

pictures. He duly appears in No. 1030, which the catalogue informs us is a masterpiece; it represents the inside of a stable, said to be that of the "White Lion, Paddington." There are two horses and a very fat pony, led by a boy. In the corner a man is stooping and collecting some straw.

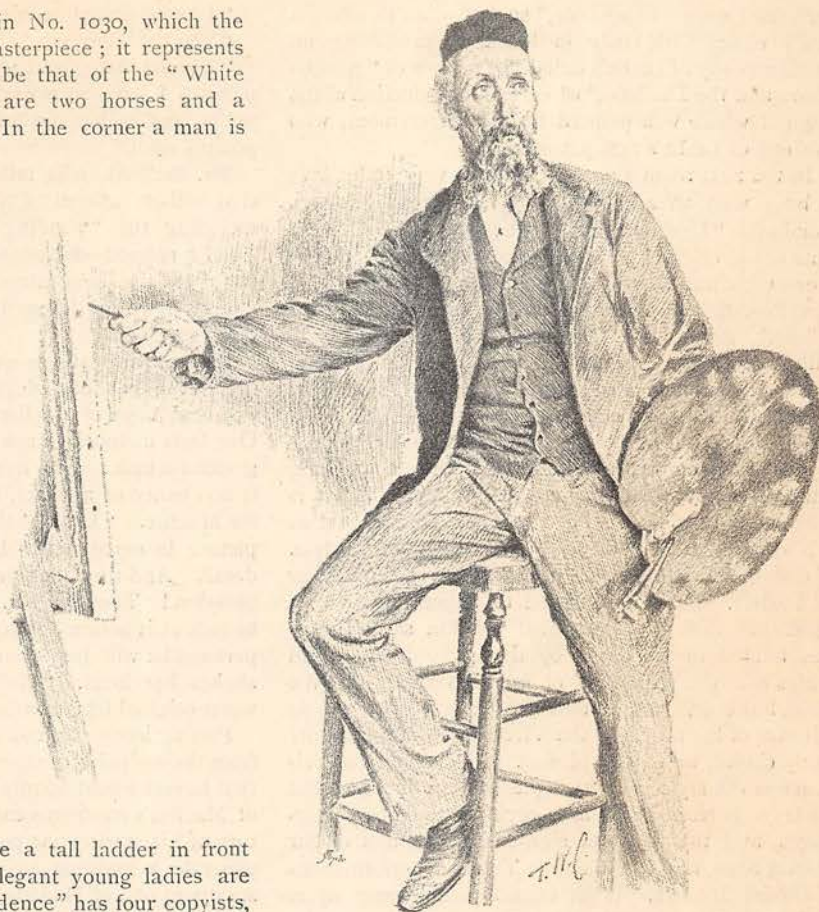
At a little distance from Scarlet Pinafore there are a group of industrious ladies, who are copying some Dutch landscapes. They are evidently amateurs.

In the next room Landseer seems the favourite. There are always several copyists round his pictures; very young ladies, in particular, affecting some of his largest types. This appears to be the rule generally, the women tackling the more masculine subjects, while the men prefer the tranquil home landscapes, tender little bits, romantic glades, and green foliage.

The two large lions which have lately joined the worshipful company have a tall ladder in front of them, upon which two elegant young ladies are planted. "Dignity and Impudence" has four copyists, none of whom are in any way equal to their self-imposed task. "The Sleeping Bloodhound" has three, and so on. Why is it that Landseer achieved such a reputation? He is nowhere in comparison to the animal painters of the past. Compare him with Wootton, put his lions side by side with Gilpin's "King of the Forest," his dogs with Reinagle's, his horses with those of Sartorius, and you will gauge more accurately his merits as an animal painter. His "Shoeing" is now being reproduced by a lady in æsthetic costume, whose ideas as to painting are a little mixed. She is receiving instruction from her neighbour, whose own copy of the same subject would hardly warrant his taking upon him the task of teacher. His pupil is learning another lesson. What will come of that "Shoeing" is easily to be guessed!

Here are a trio of delicious Constables. There has never been an artist who so thoroughly understood and appreciated Nature in all her delightful moods as did Constable. He was to art what Mr. Hardy is to literature: the best exponent of country life. "I love every stile and stump and lane in the village," he would say, "and as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them." So long as men and women live they will thank him for his resolution, which has given pleasure to many a weary soul.

A pleasant looking lady, who is making an excellent copy of the "Hay-Wain," and who notes my admiration,



AN OLD HAND AT THE WORK.

tells me what a comfort it is to her to think she will have her copy always to look at. "I have been working at it two years," she says, "and I grow fonder of it every day; it is to hang in my dining-room."

In Gallery No. XXI. there are far more students at work than in the other rooms. They seem all congregated on one side; large canvases jostle one another, the colour boxes are disposed on stools, so that there is a sort of block. Before Rosa Bonheur's famous "Horse Fair" two easels are drawn up facing one another, and two girl students in bright pinafores are at work; one, indeed, is only in the initial stage of cross-barring the canvas with mysterious lines and measuring distances; the other is much more advanced, and although far from being a work of art, it is not a bad copy. "It has taken me an awful long time," its owner says: "close on two months. It wouldn't have been so long, only that we come but two days in the week, and in winter, with short days, that is little for a big picture like this; don't you think so?"

"Most undoubtedly," I answer; and then Dr. Johnson's remark to the performer on the piano occurs to me. It would be hardly polite, however, to say I wish

such feats were "impossible," so I pass on to where a really clever little lady in black is producing an excellent copy of Leslie's delightful picture of "Sancho Panza and the Duchess," which is a reproduction of the original which was painted for Lord Egremont, who was one of Leslie's first patrons.

In the next room a young lady with very fluffy hair is busy with an admirable copy of Dante Rossetti's wonderful "Beata Beatrix." She has copied the very tints of the original both in the curious shade of the green tunic and the still more curious flesh tint. (In this Rossetti was the harbinger of the Burne-Jones school.) Better still, she has caught the expression with marvellous exactness. If I were a wealthy patron, I should at once secure this really good piece of work, or, if it be a commission, order a replica.

We now stroll into the Turner room, which, to my joy, is nearly empty, and those who are busy (at long intervals) know what they are about. After all, it is only an artist who would care to copy Turner, just as it is an intellectual mind only that can read Carlyle. If Constable approximates to Hardy, so does Turner to Carlyle. Both men failed to impress their own generation with their greatness. Ruskin says Turner was hunted to his death by the malignity of small critics and the jealousies of hopeless rivalries. We must, however, consider that the art of Turner was in advance of his time. In the Victorian Exhibition, only lately closed, we of the present generation have evidence of the style of art that pleased our fathers: the tea-tray horrors by Ward, royal christenings, marriages, and the like, the sign-board portraits of Sir Martin Shee, and the Madame Tussaud performances of Daniel Maclise. What chance had Turner when such men were popular favourites, smiled upon by royalty? It was the fashion to mock at the Turner pictures, and to say the artist was mad. Stories were told of his eccentricities, as when he put a large red spot upon his finished picture to give it colour.*

It makes one hot all over with indignation to remember all he suffered of slights and mortifications, as when the Council of the Royal Academy rejected his pictures. Wounded to the quick, Turner sulked in his house in Queen Anne Street, surrounded by his works. Some of the very best were used to stop the windows and keep out the rain. Here Mr. Gillott found him. The Yorkshire merchant had come to change some of his bank-notes into Turner's, and having a will of his own, he carried his point, in spite of the artist's gruff reception.

"Are you the pen-maker? What do you know of pictures?"

* This was in 1832, when Constable exhibited his "Opening of Waterloo Bridge"; it was placed next a sea piece by Turner, a grey picture, beautiful, but with no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's "Waterloo" seemed as if painted in liquid silver and gold. Turner came several times into the room while Constable was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations of his sea barges; after looking from one to the other, he brought his palette from the next room, and putting a large dab of red lead vermilion as big as a shilling, went away without saying a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of the grey, caused even the vermilion of Constable to look weak. At the last moment he glazed this scarlet seal, and shaped it into a buoy.—Redford's Art Sales.

"I know enough to like yours."

"You can't buy 'em."

"I know that; but I want to swap with you some pictures I have in my pocket;" and then Mr. Gillott pulled out a handful of notes, value one thousand pounds each.

Mr. Redford, who tells the story, goes on to say that Gillott offered £35,000 for all in the house, including the "Finding of Carthage," but this offer Turner refused—fortunately for the National Gallery, to which he bequeathed his finest pictures. Mr. Gillott, however, did secure a cab-full, which he carried off in triumph.

It is growing late, so we hurry on, pausing a moment before the easel of a pleasant lady, who is making an excellent copy of Maclise's "Play Scene" in *Hamlet*. One feels inclined to ask her why she attempts so ungrateful a task? She acknowledges she thinks there is no chance of a buyer, but then she is an enthusiast for Maclise. "Look at the armour," she says; "this picture is equal to the Dutch in close finish of every detail. And then the portrait of Macready—what expression! They say Mr. Tree came almost every day to look at it before he produced his *Hamlet*." "Then, perhaps he will buy your picture." But to this she shakes her head. "Nobody buys copies now; the worst original fetches a better price."

Putting aside the fact that this is a healthy sign from the art point of view, it is not to be wondered at that buyers would hardly care to have a reproduction of Maclise's enormous canvases. To have a big picture of his staring one perpetually in the face would generate a loathing as great as would looking constantly at one of Madame Tussaud's groups.*

Nevertheless, in his own day he had a large following of admirers. Those who remember the Academy day forty years ago will recall crowds round "The Crossing of the Brook"; but this last was one of his best. Maclise was a strange being; he suffered all his life from a disappointment in love, and from thenceforth the world to him was full of bitterness.

We are now in the Sir Joshua Room. The collection of the Prince of Painters is a large one, and includes some of his best works. Here, too, nearly every picture has an easel before it. The gentle, courteous president's advice to students as to the fatal habit of copying is set aside before his very face, so to speak, for his portrait, painted for Mrs. Thrale, looks silently down on an army of copyists. Alas! for the murders perpetrated in this room. The large canvases escape fairly well. The picture of the three Miss Montgomerys,† which occupies nearly one side of the wall, and which goes by the name of "The Graces," has no following, neither has "Lord Ligonier," one of the

* The late Mr. John Forster had in his collection (which he bequeathed to Kensington Museum) the enormous canvas of "The First Experiment in Printing by the Caxtons." It occupied one side of his dining-room, and was preserved by red silk curtains, which were drawn aside on particular occasions.

† The Miss Montgomerys were beauties in the day in which they lived: 1770. One married the Marquis of Townshend, the second the Hon. Mr. Gardener, afterwards Lord Blessington, the youngest the Hon. Mr. Beresford.

finest of Sir Joshua's portraits. There is an infinite charm in this picture, as well as that of "Captain Orme Leaning on his Charger." All Sir Joshua's men have that indefinable something which makes a gentleman, just as his women have the dignity which should mark a lady. An eminent authority tells us that the effect of a fine portrait emanates more from the *painter* than from the sitter. "All the people Reynolds paints," says Leslie, "seem irradiated by something of the amiability, sense, and breeding of the artist." It was otherwise with his great rival, Romney. His imagination was so steeped in admiration of Emma Lyon, Lady Hamilton, that he could paint no woman without producing her features. As someone said recently, "It was like Mr. Dick and King Charles' head." His picture of her as a Bacchante hangs in this room; it draws one irresistibly to her side. What a witchery in the face! one can hardly wonder at all the mischief it worked in the woman's lifetime. I am inclined to agree with an artist who is copying the portrait for a Bond Street

dealer when she said that she classed such beings with the birds and the flowers: they flutter through life unconscious, and not accountable for the harm they do. "But this is surely a dangerous doctrine, which may even excuse murder," I answer gravely. "It would not do to teach to the young, most certainly," she says, with a smile; "but still, I cannot help thinking it must be so." And then she went on to make out her case. She was very weary-looking, and the talk seemed to refresh her. Her own story was sad enough, poor soul! No one could live on the profession, she said; but in her case she had a home, and an occasional sale eked out her living. She complained bitterly of the rush made of late by rich and titled ladies into the field which already afforded such slender support to those who needed it sorely. "I should not mind so much," she went on, "if their work was as good as ours, or even their own; but many a time it is finished and touched by one of us—ghosts, they call us—for a couple of guineas, and sold by my lady for fifty, sixty, perhaps a hundred, pounds. That does seem hard, for she does not want the money, and we do. I sometimes think, she went on, that if some of these ladies only knew, they would not crowd us out as they do. They are often good and charitable, only their vanity is greater than either."

I am afraid this was a right conclusion; still, I think there are depths in every heart that can be stirred, and that if the right string were touched, these fair "pirates" would cease robbing—for we must call it by that name—their poorer sisters.

This conversation rather saddened me, and there was little more to note. Passing through the Hogarth Room, I was refreshed at seeing a young pair who were enjoying their happy hour together. She was by way of painting the shrimp girl, while he was advising; she was very fair, in a soft grey frock. Her mother sat near her working. It made a pretty scene, and dwelt on my mind as I left the English school and betook myself to the foreign galleries. Here I found only one or two students. My footsteps echoed mournfully through the deserted rooms where the masterpieces of Cimabue and Leonardi da Vinci hang. I could not help thinking that if our students must waste their time and energies copying, it would be better worth their while and more elevating to their mind to study from these giants of old than copy "Dignity and Impudence," or make hopeless attempts at the Turner-esque colouring.



A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES.

